

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—It is said that coal tar smeared about rat holes so that the rats cannot pass without getting it on their fur will very soon cause them to desert the place.

—For feather cake take half a cup of butter, three cups of flour, two of sugar, one of milk, three eggs, a little grated lemon rind, two teaspoons of baking powder.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican.*

—Pick up, boil and feed to the hogs all worm-eaten and premature apples that fall to the ground. With each one you destroy a codling moth, which, if left alone, will burrow into the earth and come out to do mischief.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Although underdraining is essential to the best results in most apple orchards, it is nevertheless much better to select soils naturally drained. One cause of the great success of Michigan apple growers is the fact that the subsoil in most of their orchards is gravelly and deep.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Cherry pudding: Three cupsful of flour, two cupsful of fruit, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of milk, two teaspoonsful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, put in the flour one cupful of suet. Mix well, put in a buttered mold, and boil three hours and a half.—*Boston Transcript.*

—To clean finely polished furniture: Take a bowl half full of tepid water, a little fine toilet soap and a teaspoonful of sweet oil. Apply with a piece of old flannel, rubbing vigorously; then take a piece of old, soft, fine cotton and rub thoroughly with it, and repeat the process until all the liquid application has been removed.—*The Continental.*

—The decayed branches of old trees should be promptly removed. Their unsightliness is the least of their evils. It has been discovered that evaporation of sap from the roots still goes on in these dead branches, though not so rapidly as when leaves are present. If left alone the dead spots extend over the entire tree, and what is alive is of little or no productive value.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Colonel F. D. Curtis writes the *New York Tribune* that he has "tried all kinds of experiments in killing Canada thistles. Seeding heavily with clover and mowing it, is one of the best. The poorest way to kill them, and the best way to spread them, is to put the land in hoed crops. Every little broken joint makes a new thistle and starts a new bed. Hence the less they are disturbed the better, unless the ground is plowed so frequently that they can not grow at all, and this extra labor is so out of joint with one's inclination that it is seldom done.

Literature for the Young.

There are few questions just now agitating the public mind than that of education. The study of literature has also attained in the present day a deservedly high rank among the branches of a good education. In nearly all the schools in the land the cultivation of taste and discrimination in reading the English language is held to be indispensable. This is certainly encouraging, but there is another very important thing just here to be considered. It is with regard to the literature for the boys and girls. As yet the department for juvenile literature has received but comparatively little attention. It is true that there have been praiseworthy efforts to introduce a more interesting and elevating class of reading into our schools, instead of the dull, desultory reading books so long in vogue. All these are signs in the right direction, and prove that there is a gradual popular awakening to the importance of the subject. It is to the plans of those who recognize the need of placing juvenile literature that one must look with confidence for its permanent improvement. A little serious reflection would soon convince the thinking person that it is a fallacy to suppose that books for children are of less consequence than books for grown up people, or that less genius of ability or painstaking is requisite to write or compile them. The notion that it is easy to write for children makes it seem still more easy to select for them, and the thousands of volumes with gay bindings and attractive pictures are quickly transferred from the shelves of the book stores to the nurseries and children's libraries, with the most cursory glance at their contents and an absolute ignorance of their effects.

Now, to consider juvenile literature less important than adult literature is very much like considering the foundation of a structure less important than the structure itself. To expend time, thought and talents on the latter, while neglecting the former, is in one case as disastrous as in the other. It is useless to throw the blame of this deficiency like a ball from the teacher to the parent, from the parent to the publisher, from the publisher to the author. All share in it and each reacts on the other. Many parents are negligent in this matter, and many authors, who try to be careful, do not know how to discriminate, or to choose wisely. The general demand regulates the supply and the supply regulates those who do not know what to demand. What is chiefly needed is an increasing appreciation of the importance of the subject and a general diffusion of knowledge as to the elements needed to form a superior juvenile literature. Whoever will animate the first, or diffuse the second, will be a public benefactor in a most effective way.

Children need very different mental food from adults, but they need to have it quite as pure, as true, as nutritious to their tastes, as rich in imaginative power, as elevating in moral tone, as dramatic in interest, and as powerful in character. When we learn how to value and how to demand for them such a literature, the floods of immoral, coarse poetry and feeble volumes that now corrupt the minds, enervate the mind and vitiate the taste of our children will pass away and give place to a literature far less in quantity, but far superior in quality, and that will rank side by side with the best of any age and for any time of life.—*Columbus (Ga.) Sun.*

—It is the same old story. Two farmers had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—of their farms.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Song of the Shirt.

"We pay four cents per dozen for cutting and hemming pocket-handkerchiefs," said the foreman of a large dry-goods store up town, "and two cents per dozen for folding and smoothing or ironing them. I don't think any woman could do over twelve dozen per day—forty-eight cents. We pay forty-eight cents per dozen for shirts; six dollars per dozen for ladies' cloaks, or fifty cents a piece; fifty cents per dozen for ladies' chemises or gowns. Starvation wages, I should say so! But you see the work is mostly done by young ladies who live at home and dress themselves off the money they thus earn. A woman would find it hard work to support herself, much less a family, doing this work."

"Yet," interrupted a Journalist, "many of them do so?"

"Yes, working sixteen hours a day, Sunday as well as week days."

"But the profits on these goods certainly enable the employers to pay better prices?"

"Yes, but the competition is so great. These young ladies who do the work do not rely on this for a living, but live home with parents who are able to give them a home, but not to dress them. See those two young ladies going out over there; well, now, they are nicely, even stylishly, dressed—a jaunty straw hat, new jersey, and all that; well, you think they are in here shopping? They are not. That is not goods in the bundle they carry, but twelve dozen handkerchiefs for them to cut and hem at four cents per dozen."

"What is the profit on those goods?"

"Oh, that depends on several circumstances, mainly how the store buys. In the case of the handkerchiefs the goods do not cost fifty per cent of the selling. The profit ranges from 100 to 150 per cent. But then you see the high rents, competition, etc., come in and take all this profit away."

"But not to that extent?"

"Well, that is what they say," she replied; "I can't figure it out myself, but that's what they claim. As I said, the competition is so great that if one will cut and hem handkerchiefs for four cents per dozen another will. Think of it for a moment. I wonder if the fashionable ladies dawdling through a store think of the labor that has produced the articles they admire? Four cents for a shirt! See the labor and skill in a shirt! Fifty cents for a heavy winter cloak! See the labor in it! The goods are all out and assorted so that the piecing is little trouble. It is sew, sew, sew!"

"One can understand, then," remarked the Journalist, "how it is that really first-class goods are sold so cheaply?"

"Yes," responded the foreman. "Take, for instance, the matter of shirts. Now you gentlemen can get shirts at the dry goods stores for one dollar that will cost you three dollars at a gentlemen's furnishing store, though the goods are identical and the fit as satisfactory. The furnishing store claims it is hand work, but this is no better than machine work. Both make to order, the dry-goods people charging more for a shirt that opens in front—ten cents. Now the actual cost of this shirt, sold for one dollar, or one dollar and fifteen cents laundered, is not over twenty-five cents, labor, material, and cutting. A small trade would not pay, however."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

The Affable Demon.

Of all the fiends that infest the jungles, streets and saloons of large cities in search of prey, the sociable fiend is the most to be dreaded. By the sociable fiend we refer to that quiet familiar demon who haunts you on the streets in a manner that causes you to infer that he has something to communicate to which it will be to your interest to listen. After the persuasive demon has fastened his tentacles on your coat collar or into your buttonhole, it is almost impossible to shake him off. He never withdraws on his own motion. Unlike the festive Fourth of July pistol, he never hurls anybody by going off prematurely. As soon as the affable demon has fastened his tentacles on a friend he slowly backs that friend up against a wall, thus cutting off all chances of retreat. Having anchored his victim against a wall, he begins to climb up on him as if he were a ladder. The affable demon then places his mouth within a few inches of the victim's nose, and begins to chew him up. At least, to anybody across the street who observes the upward and downward motion of his jaw, it seems as if the victim was being eaten up alive by the fiend. The victim, however, acquires a great deal of information, and perhaps some tobacco juice on his shirt bosom. No matter how much he may relax his features, the affable demon never relaxes his grasp. Time is no object to him. He can hold out all day. The traditional hooks of steel with which a mother clings to her offspring are weak and feeble compared to the grasp of a healthy sociable fiend.

The sole mission of the fiend's life is to talk. If he had nobody to talk to he would die. He is a mistake of nature. He was intended for a fashionable woman. Occasionally the affable demon will quit a victim before the vital spark has fled. If while he is sucking the life blood out of a victim, the fiend observes a group of gentlemen chatting together, he will quit the victim temporarily to break up that group. He creates more conversation over the street than a deputy sheriff in search of a jury.

There are a number of remedies for attacks of the sociable fiend. The best one is to thrust a revolver down his throat as soon as he opens his mouth, and fire it off six consecutive times. This mild sort of a remonstrance produces a fine moral effect. Another method to rescue a victim from his destroyer is on the co-operative plan. A secret society, something like the Masons, is organized. The members pledge themselves by fearful oaths to unite to rescue a brother whenever they see him in the clutches of this human devilfish. The usual plan is to rush up and pretend to be collecting for a church or some such charitable purpose. This causes the demon to relinquish his grasp, and the rescuer unite the rescued flee around the corner, and celebrate the victory over a couple of schoolers.—*Teage Siftings.*

Some Big Fog Stories.

Speaking of fogs reminds me that the other morning I ran across a stranger from Colorado—that is, we ran against each other—and he has introduced me to a local character who knows all about them. The stranger is a bonanza king on a small scale; the character lords it over the rowboats belonging to a certain island, and I am the ruler of a waiter to whom I have promised a large fee—each of us is a monarch of some degree. The character is the oldest inhabitant as well, and indulges in the full prerogative of conveying to tourists vast quantities of interesting, not to say startling, information. The stranger's assertions are weighted with the wild and breezy picturesque of the boundless West. As for myself, I believe that my feeble utterances do not greatly tend to the discredit of the profession. This much by way of introduction.

Quoth the character a day or two since, just after we had opened court, so to speak, in his boat-house: "I guess you young fellows think this putty bad weather, don't ye?"

"It's the worst weather I ever seen," remarked the stranger, gloomily.

"'N' yit 'tain't nothing to what 'twas in '79," asserted the character proudly. "The fog we had then was fog, I tell ye! I was rowin' that season myself. One mornin' I took out a feller 'n' girl in my big boat. I swanny, sir, the fog come up so thick 't I couldn't see 'em three feet away, 'n' they couldn't hear me speak. How d' ye think I found out when they wanted to get ashore? Wal, the feller chawed holes in the fog tryin' to find the girl 'n' kiss her, till he got nigh enough to me, so 't I could stick one end of a horn into his mouth, 'n' we talked through that. Wust trouble," added the character, meditatively, "was when we'd take the horn down for a minute, the fog'd git inter it 'n' we'd blow the chunks down our throats."

The stranger looked enviously at the character, gulped once or twice, and asked:

"Ever see any underground fog, ole boss?"

The old boss was constrained to admit that he never did; but—

"Oh! that's all right," put in the stranger, his face brightening visibly; "I'll be toot my bazoo. This underground fog comes into a mine when you git about down to hard pan—fact is the stuff is what makes bed rock. When I opened the Belle of Hospital Gulch it gave me a heap of trouble. One day it came down one side o' the shaft whiles I was goin' up in the bucket on the other. It druv the air all to my side and knocked me silly. Then it went down below and froze the boys, froze 'em, pardner! inter the rock. We had to blast 'em out. How's that for fog, eh, pardner?" and the stranger bit off a chew, and gazed at us sternly but triumphantly.

There was a moment of silence.

"You see that ledge, 'bout half a mile out?" asked the character, at last. "No, ye can't, though, can ye? Wal, there was a schooner went ashore there last summer in a fog storm. We couldn't get no boat out, the sea was so high, 'n' we couldn't see 'em for the fog only when we fired a cannon and the ball cut it. Now, there was, half a mile away, mind ye! How d' ye think they got off?"

The stranger considered a moment, and then despairingly inquired: "How'd they fetch it, pardner?"

"They shoveled a road through the fog and walked ashore!"—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

The Bereaved Grandpa.

"Isn't it pretty?" said a little old man as he wheeled a baby carriage to the place where a reporter of the *World* was sitting in the park yesterday.

"It must be pretty," said the reporter, looking into the carriage and seeing a creature, snugly nestling in a downy nest, with its face covered by a delicate lace veil.

The little old man was delighted, his little old chin went twit-a-twit-a-twee, and he chirped like a bird.

"They kept its face covered," he said, with a sigh, "since the little white hearse drove away from the house the other day. But I!"

The little old man stopped and looked all around him twinkling little eyes.

"I will show its face to you, sir, it's so very, very pretty."

And the little old man's chin again went twit-a-twee.

"They will be angry," he continued; "but I'm so proud of its pretty face that I must show it."

Suddenly the little old man took the lace that covered that baby's face in his trembling fingers and the reporter prepared to burst into exclamations of delight, even if the face should prove to be the homeliest face in the world.

"Muns't," a little child said, coming from behind the bushes and seizing the coat-tails of the little man. "Dandpa muns't."

"The flies will annoy Rose," a gentle girl of twelve said, joining the little group and carefully replacing the lace.

Close observation showed a tear trembling in the girl's eye as the little old man wheeled away the carriage, with the little child dancing by his side.

"Oh, it's such a deception," she exclaimed, burying her face in her hand. "Baby Rose died last week," she continued, "and we are afraid to tell grandpa, as his mind is weak and she was his idol, so we put a doll in the carriage, closely veiled, so he cannot see its face, and let him wheel it around. But it is so deceptive."

Just then the little old man paused, left the little child with the carriage, and came back to where the girl was seated.

He put his face close to hers and whispered:

"What was it," he asked, "that they carried away in the little white hearse?"

The poor girl turned away her face.

"Flowers," she said, "only flowers, grandpa."

"I wonder," the little old man mused, "why they all turn their faces away when they tell me what they carried away in the little white hearse."

Then he went to the carriage again and chirped like the merry little old man that he was.

"Flowers, only flowers," the reporter heard him murmur, as he wheeled the doll away.—*N. Y. World.*

Cholera and Birds.

If any faith is to be attached to a statement just communicated to us from Egypt, a rather new light will have been thrown upon the question how cholera is propagated from place to place in an infected country. An Englishman, writing from Zagazig, where he had been residing for some time, announces his intention of remaining there as long as the swallows and sparrows do not take their departure. It has, he adds, been ascertained beyond a doubt by the experience of previous epidemics that as soon as the cholera is on the eve of establishing itself in any place these birds, as well as probably many others, flee from the impending evil. Now if the germs of disease or that which causes the disease are wafted along like a blight, filling the whole atmosphere, making their presence felt at once by the denizens of the air, we have a confirmation of the theory that corans and quaterns, however strict, can not be relied on as a guarantee. Moreover, as any blight or visitation of the atmosphere could hardly move, except by the aid of the wind, it would become almost certain that places to the windward of an infected center might be saved from the epidemic until the wind changed. Any way, the theory may be worth attention.—*St. James' Gazette.*

A Carson Man's Variegated Daughter.

Carson has developed a bad boy. His name is Johnny McGinnis, and he lives on King street. A few days ago Mrs. McGinnis started to give her seven-year-old daughter a bath. When she disrobed her by the tub she was horrified at discovering that the young lady was covered all over with crocodiles, fish, rare animals and Egyptian boxes, painted on in lasting colors. She said that her brother Johnny had painted her to get her a chance to go away with the circus. The neighbors were called in, and their low opinion of the boy was unbounded. The elder McGinnis sailed out after the venturesome lad and found him in Johnson's barn, where he was decorating a young lad whom he had inveigled away from his parents. When the elder McGinnis had finished parleying with the younger McGinnis the trunk strap which he had brought into the barn had seen its best days.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

"Say what people may of Arabi," says the *London Truth*, "one fact is patent; he had absolute sway in Egypt, and might have robbed with impunity to his heart's content; yet, when exiled, he left the country a pauper."

—Eleven Police Justices in New York draw salaries of \$8,000 each, or nearly as much as the Judges on the Supreme Bench at Washington.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A pond near Thompson, Conn., contains a floating island about fifteen inches thick. Fishermen can walk upon it and make great hauls of bull-heads through holes in its center.—*Hartford Post.*

Mrs. Florence Jones, near Gerber, on Lookout Mountain, fifteen miles from Chattanooga, found, under a large rock, a tin box containing \$415 in gold.

No INDUCEMENT.—A land agent wanted a Kentucky farmer to emigrate to Dakota, as he was not making his living in the old Commonwealth. "What inducements do you offer?" asked the farmer. "We have the richest lands, the finest wheat, the best water, the fattest stock and the biggest farms in the world." "Yes," doubtingly interrupted the farmer. "We, man, on one of those big farms they plow a furrow five miles long." "That ends it, stranger. Don't talk Dakota to me! I'll all come to play one of these little fifty-yard furrows here in Kentucky, and if it was five miles long I never would get to the end of it. Gee, whoa, Buck, git up there!" and he started across the patch, leaving the agent sitting on the fence.—*Exchange.*

"Dragging Pains."—Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife had suffered with female weakness for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. I made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. HUYCK, Deposit, N. Y.

THERE is a rumor from Germany that a learned chemist has discovered a wonderful oil that will restore youth to old age, etc. It must be a species of Olive oil.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 25, 1884.	
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common	\$2 10 @ 2 30
Choice butchers	2 25 @ 2 50
HOGS—Common	4 25 @ 4 35
Good packers	4 30 @ 4 35
Sheep—Common	1 25 @ 1 35
Wool—Washed	40 @ 45
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red	1 10 @ 1 15
No. 2 winter red	1 05 @ 1 10
Corn—No. 2 mixed	32 @ 33
Oats—No. 2 mixed	20 @ 21
Rye—No. 2	57 @ 57 1/2
HAY—Timothy No. 1	50 @ 51
HEMP—Double dressed	8 75 @ 9 00
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess.	13 50 @ 14 00
Lard—Steam	8 25 @ 8 50
BUTTER—Fancy Dairy	14 @ 15
Prime Creamery	15 @ 20
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES	
Potatoes per barrel from store	1 15 @ 1 25
Apples, prime, per barrel	2 25 @ 3 00
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—State and Western	\$3 00 @ 4 25
Good to choice	4 50 @ 7 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, at last	1 17 1/2 @ 1 17 3/4
No. 1 white	1 16 @ 1 17
Corn—No. 2 mixed	63 1/2 @ 63 3/4
Oats—mixed	35 @ 37
PORK—Mess.	14 00 @ 14 25
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—State and Western	\$3 50 @ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 08 @ 1 10
Corn—No. 2 mixed	51 1/2 @ 52
Oats—No. 2	25 1/2 @ 26
Rye	58 @ 59
POULTRY—Hens	11 1/2 @ 12 00
LARD—Steam	8 25 @ 8 35
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family	\$5 25 @ 6 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red	1 15 1/2 @ 1 15 3/4
Corn—mixed	62 1/2 @ 63
Oats—mixed	32 @ 34
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess.	15 00 @ 16
Lard—Refined	10 1/2 @ 10 3/4
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—A No. 1	\$4 25 @ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new	1 04 @ 1 05
Corn—mixed	49 @ 50
Oats—mixed	29 @ 30
PORK—MESS.	13 50 @ 14
INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new	\$1 05 @ 1 06
COAL—mixed	28 @ 29
OATS—mixed	28 @ 29
LIVE STOCK—Cattle	
Butchers' stock	2 75 @ 4 50
Shipping cattle	5 25 @ 6 00

Dr. PIERCE'S "Pellets" or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills." (Beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious Headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A CAPTAIN who tied refractory sailors to the capstan said it was the only way to ease their rancor.—*Boston Times.*

Starting Weakness, General and nervous debility, impaired memory, lack of self-confidence, premature loss of manly vigor and powers, are common results of youthful indiscretions and pernicious practices. Victims whose manhood has thus been wrecked should address, with three letter stamps, for large illustrated treatise giving means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

HANK injustice—Calling a man Captain who is a full-fledged General.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

I RECOMMEND to those suffering with Hay-Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all the remedies, and give this as a decided preference. It gave me immediate relief. C. T. STEPHENS, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

At the White Mountains the girls all comb their hair back from the forehead. This is why it is called a bang-up place.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Wax suffer longer from Catarrh, Hay-Fever, and Cold in the Head? A sure cure is Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff, and is easily applied. Fifty cents.

The farmer makes hay while the sun shines behind a dry-goods counter.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

WOODBURY, MD.—Rev. W. J. Johnson says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my family and they have proven a splendid health invigorator."

The artesian well throws up its water because it has a spring bottom.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BUCKHANNON, W. VA.—Drs. Newell & Blair report that Brown's Iron Bitters are giving general satisfaction.

NEPTUNE's power long ago vanished. The waves tide his sands.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

NO MATTER what your ailment is, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely benefit you. Try it.

A GARDEN "waul"—A cat on the fence.—*N. Y. Journal.*

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

AMERICAN flats—Pancakes.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic Cures chills, fever, ague and weakness. Colden's, no other, of Druggists.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, irritation. \$1.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless. LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It immediately frees the head from dandruff, restores gray hair to its natural color, and produces a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENDON, New York.

What will it do?

Brown's Iron Bitters? Good for what? Well, see what it has done. To begin with dyspepsia. It has cured some of the worst cases.

Then chills and fever. Who wants to shake with cold and burn with heat, when a bottle or two of Brown's Iron Bitters will drive the source of the mischief away?

How about rheumatism? It cured Mr. Brashear, of Baltimore, and hundreds of others.

Those dreadful nervous troubles. Mr. Berlin, of Washington, the well-known Patent attorney, was entirely relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The ailments of the kidneys.—Brown's Iron Bitters cured Mr. Montague, of Christiansburg, Va., and an army of other sufferers.

Debility and languor. The Rev. J. Marshall West, Ellcott City, Md., is one of the many clergymen restored by Brown's Iron Bitters.

And as with vertigo, malaria, liver complaint, and headache, Brown's Iron Bitters is the Great Family Medicine.

Lady Agents can secure permits and good salary selling *Queen City* Hair and Scalp Preparations. Send Sample Order Free. Address *Queen City Suspenders Co., Cincinnati, O.*

PATENTS NO PATENT NO PAY! N. W. FITZGERALD Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Full instructions and New Book on Patents sent free.

United Agents Male and female for new book, *Low in price. 50c. with review and agency. Address FORBES & MCKIN, CINCINNATI, O.*

AGENTS make money selling our Family Medicine. No capital required. STANDARD Cures Co., 107 West St., New York.

\$96 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and conditions. Address *W. H. B. STEEL, 157 Wash. St., Chicago.*

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. No capital required. Address *True & Co., Augusta, Me.*

RUBBER STAMPS, with your name 50 cents. Scraping, etc. See sheet, Cards, Type, Etc. Agents Wanted. List free. *TRUMAN M. F. & Co., Baltimore, Md.*

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. And will completely cleanse the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Send for pamphlet. *I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.*

Grocers and Dealers in TEA AND COFFEE.

Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. *GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 501 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.*

MAINE MEN.

From Bath, Me., we have received, under date of May 15, 1884, the following statement of Geo. W. HANSON, the popular proprietor of "The Bathurst": "A few years since I was troubled so severely with kidney and bladder affection that there was brick dust deposits in my urine, and continual desire to urinate, with severe, darting, sharp pains through my bladder and side, and again, dull, heavy pressure, very tedious to endure. I consulted one of our resident physicians, but I received no benefit from the treatment, and fearing that my